

Minnesota State School for Indigent Children.

The commissioners to locate a state school for indigent children have decided by a practically unanimous vote upon Owatonna as the location.

The commissioners have not decided which of the two sites offered by that city is the most advantageous and available for a location for the school.

Site No. 1 offered by Owatonna consists of three adjoining tracts—the old Rawson place (eighty acres) and the Abbott and Fisher tracts (forty acres each), making one hundred and sixty acres in all.

Site No. 2 is on the east side of the town, and consists of 115 acres, including a part of the fair grounds and the buildings.

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There were some twenty ballots by the committee before Owatonna was selected. Red Wing, Hastings, Farmington, Albert Lea, Northfield and other points, made handsome tenders of sites, etc., but none quite so generous as that of Owatonna, which was accepted.

Minnesota Crop Prospects.

Reports from 1,000 points in the northwest show that the condition of the crop in Minnesota, taken as a whole, is not as favorable as it was last year at this time.

Considerable damage was done recently at Pipestone by hail. Northfield is enjoying a building "boom" this season such as it has never before experienced.

The houses of E. E. Case and Rev. Mr. Hayward, Congregational minister at Waterville, were entered and watches and money stolen from both.

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The work at the state fair grounds, St. Paul, upon both buildings and grounds, is progressing with a rapidity almost marvelous, and this progress is only to be accounted for by the fact, not generally realized, that there are a sufficient number of men employed upon the various improvements to constitute a small-sized army.

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THE SWITCH-TENDER.

From the French of G. De Bana.

A little white house seems asleep among the blossoming apple trees. It is early morning, and all is light and freshness.

"May I take the little one, Celine?" said the father. At these words a lovely blonde made her appearance.

"Again!" she said, with a shade of annoyance. "Oh! we share her very fairly," said the man, with the kindest and most paternal smile.

"Don't you think I know when I find them so long in her absence?" It was embarrassing. Aimee herself began to be troubled by this conversation, and feeling that she could not please both these beings that she loved so much, she was ready to cry.

"Take her, Laurence; I would rather have her go than feel badly about it." The father at these words showed some feeling.

"No," said he, in his turn, "keep her, you deserve it; you love her best." And the discussion began again, but it was this time a struggle of generosity.

"What!" said she. "You would take her without telling me?" "Don't think that," said Laurence, in some confusion.

"What do you mean?" said the man, turning pale. "I mean that I am afraid of your railroad, with its trains and locomotives."

"Leave her here. I can hardly breathe while my little girl is down there. It is frightful to think of, but she might get away and be killed."

"Oh Celine, I beg of you, don't!" cried Laurence, who shuddered at the idea. The young woman did not insist.

"My poor Aimee!" he cried, embracing the child frantically. "It is too bad, Celine; it is a shame to frighten me so."

"The child," he said, "is familiar with the passage of the trains, it is true, but she is old enough to comprehend the danger." And his apprehensions gradually vanished.

"No," replied Laurence; "he was in great danger, but he escaped, thanks to his wonderful coolness." "Then he is not dead?" said Celine.

"No; and yet the whole train went over him. When Simon saw it was too late to save himself, he laid flat down in the middle of the track, and when the train passed by he got up again safe and sound. I saw him, and I asked him how it made him feel. At first, he said, when the engine went over him, he was very warm, after that the time seemed long. That was all. You know Simon is not easily frightened. He is ready to go to work again," added Laurence, tranquilly.

"But Celine's anxieties were aroused afresh. Sometime after that the hours of service were changed and Laurence took the night section. He could no longer think of taking Aimee with him. One evening, however, a poor woman in the village was taken very ill. The doctor who came wrote a prescription and said to the neighbors he found there: "These medicines can only be had in the town, and you must not wait for them. Let one of you go to the railway station, where there is a portable pharmacy, and ask the stationmaster on my account for a little laudanum. That will quiet the pain till you can have the prescriptions. Which of you will go?"

"Celine! Celine!" said several voices. It was certain that the stationmaster would not hesitate to give her the medicine.

"The young woman thought at first of leaving Aimee, but, as she had been particularly restless all day, Celine concluded to take her. They had to pass Laurence's post to go to the station. He saw them coming, and as soon as they were within hearing, began to question them.

"Old Gertrude is very ill, and I am going to the station for medicine." "That's right. But let me have

Aimee; I will keep her till you come back."

Celine lifted the little girl over the fence to her father, who took the precious burden in his arms and returned with her to his box, before which a lamp was burning.

"It would not take Celine more than twenty minutes to get to the station and back. The child was in one of her most frolicsome moods, she ran suddenly into the garden; Laurence ran laughing after her.

"You can't catch me," said she. "Yes I can." But the little witch evaded Laurence's pursuit, leaving laughter behind her.

"Come, come here," said her father. Look for me," answered the child. "Aimee, Aimee, don't play any more. I shall be angry. Come here."

"Come back, I will give you a cake." "That isn't true; you haven't one. You want to make me come back."

"Oh! I shall let you catch me. The train has gone by." "There is another." Instead of replying, the child said: "Run after me, papa; run."

Laurence saw there was nothing to be done but to run after her and take her out of danger. He rushed toward the place where he heard her voice. It was dark, and Aimee escaped him still. His alarm increased.

"Here, papa." And the child continued to give sharp little calls, which mingled with the roar of the approaching engine.

"Aimee! where are you?" and his eyes sought to pierce the darkness. The switch-tender, with hair on end, thought of throwing himself before the iron monster. But no chance remained, that Aimee was not on the track over which the train must pass.

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heard Aimee's voice and hastened her steps. Then becoming impatient, she called, "Aimee!" The child ran to meet her, crying, "Mamma, mamma, I am frightened!"

"What is the matter?" "Papa has fallen down." Celine rushed toward the sentry-box and found her husband completely insensible, stretched on the ground.

"But, darling, why weren't you killed?" "Why," said the child, "I did what Simon did."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CHINESE EXECUTIONS.

How the Insurgents Met Their Fate at the Edge of the Sword.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle writes: During the campaign against the Taepings from Shanghai, a large number of the insurgents were captured and a batch were turned over to the government officials.

The day was bright and beautiful, and a gentle breeze shook out the folds of the flags and banners, borne by the almost-eyed troops drawn up on all sides of a small, level square or parade ground.

The warning note sounded. The first man stepped out and dropped on his knees. His hands were caught by an attendant and held behind his back.

"I remember in '71," said a member of the Grain Exchange yesterday, "I was coming across the plains. Well, I was seated in a car reading a newspaper about noon, when suddenly it grew quite dark, and I thought sure a terrible storm was upon us. It was a cloud of grasshoppers; so thick that when they settled on the car track they stopped the train. There was good feed where we were just then, and it brought the hoppers to a halt. We were blocked for twenty-four hours, until a snow plow was telegraphed for, and when it cut the way for us, it left a bank of hoppers on each side higher than the smokestack of the locomotive."

"That was pretty bad," said another broker, "but I have seen worse. We were camped one summer in Kansas, making a survey for a new town. The hoppers struck us at night, and in the morning we thought the end of the world had come. They were piled, sir, twenty feet deep over our encampment, and we were nine hours tunneling out of them. If we did not happen to have a few giant powder cartridges to blast out air holes we should have suffocated before we could have struck a shovel into the mass."

"Didn't you have any of 'em?" inquired a warehouseman, who had seen a good deal of western life. "What do you mean?" asked the broker.

"Just this: I was caught in the same fix you have told about, once, in Kansas. I was in charge of a mule team, hauling supplies to a railroad camp. Among other things we had several thousand yards of canvas for tents for the men. As soon as the grasshoppers struck us I put my gang to work, and in a short time we had a canvas sack made, balloon fashion, only bigger than any balloon you ever saw. Well, sir, we filled it chock full of hoppers—live hoppers—and hitched it onto the wagon, and when the swarm started to go our caged hoppers went with them."

"No, sire; they hauled our wagon for over seventy-eight miles, when they broke down and we bagged a new lot. It beat mule power all hollow. Then it has occurred to me—" But his audience had gone, and the western man, growling, "I suppose these darned fools think I'm green," walked off to find a more credulous and attentive auditory.

A woman's exchange, an excellent institution already existing in New Orleans and Cincinnati, has been established in Philadelphia. A fee of \$5 will entitle the subscriber to a membership, with a privilege of voting and receiving consigners' tickets. These tickets may be given to women who have articles to sell, and will entitle the woman to present their articles to the exchange, where they will be passed upon and received if they are of good quality. Nothing that a woman makes will be excluded. A slight percentage will be charged to cover the expenses of the exchange, but with this deduction the owner of the article sold will receive the price it brings.

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A CITY MOVING.

Virginia City, Nev., Slowly Moving Down Hill.

From recent surveys it has been ascertained that the entire City of Virginia has moved over thirty inches to the east since the big fire in 1875. The Maynard block, in Gold Hill, is known to be gradually sliding down in the direction of Gold Canyon.

The next day when Laurence rose his wife looked at him with terror. Instead of his former bright color he exhibited a corpse-like pallor, which never left him to the end of his days.

These slides are caused by the constant crumbling of the rocks on the mountain sides. The debris thus accumulated through incalculable ages is constantly gravitating downward, and in a few hundred thousands of years what is now known as the site of Virginia City will be nothing but barren bedrock, worn as smooth by the action of the elements as the southern slope of Sugarloaf Mountain, and were it possible for structures built by human hands to withstand the decay of time, the entire city itself would then have been forced out on the flat between the mouth of Six-mile Canyon and the Carson River.

An excavation made at the base of Sugarloaf Mountain several years ago showed that the float-rock that had been drifting down the mountain for ages had accumulated in its course to the depth of thirty feet. An idea may be formed of the tremendous age of this mountain from the fact that a resident who has lived near its southern base for twenty years has never observed the smallest particles of float-rock drifting down its sides, while on the north, what was once a ravine has been filled up by crumbling earth and rocks from the surrounding hills, until now it is within a few feet of the summit, and forms quite a respectable hill itself.

In 1878, in the flat lying between the mouth of the Six-mile Canyon and the Carson river, a shaft was sent down to a depth of 113 feet by a party of Placer miners in search of bedrock. At that depth a large body of water was encountered, and as their means were exhausted, they were forced to abandon the undertaking. The waste hoisted in sinking this shaft consisted of decomposed quartz of the same character as that found on the Comstock, mixed with the shale that had drifted from the trachyte formation in the canyon.

Float-rock from the Chollar croppings has been found at a distance of fifteen miles east of the city, and is supposed to have been thrown there by volcanic action.

Grasshopper Yarns.

San Francisco Alta California.

Since the invasion of Northern California by the grasshoppers, there has been a marked revival in the literature appertaining to that interesting insect.

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